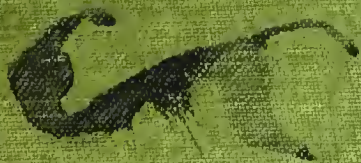


LAWYERS, DOCTORS
AND PREACHERS
BY GEO. H. BRUCE





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LAWYERS, DOCTORS AND PREACHERS

A Satirical Survey of the Three Learned Professions

By

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DEDICATION

To the Members of the Learned Professions,
the great mass of whom are admirable
citizens and who acknowledge and smile at
their own frailties—this work is respectfully
Dedicated.

Lawyers, Doctors and Preachers.



THE members of the three great professions are a very much misunderstood people. The popular opinion is that the lawyer robs you of your estate, the doctor hastens your exit from this mundane sphere and the minister sells you a gold brick when he pretends to help you to glory; and so, the learned men have been made the subject of attacks in book, in press, and from the platform—for so long a time “that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.”

Where there is such general condemnation, we must assume there is some well-founded criticism. While frankness compels us to admit there is some just cause for complaint we

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feel that in no greater degree are they derelict than are men in the financial or commercial world.

It were a pity that there is any dissatisfaction with the learned brethren, but, inasmuch as there is, we feel we are doing a service when we show them in their real characters, explaining to the public much that is now misunderstood and dissipating many false impressions that now prevail.

Then, too, the professional brethren should know each other better and are entitled to have explained away the false charges made against each; at the same time, their failings, if any, should be pointed out honestly so that by brotherly advice and example one may help the other.

While it may well be that the reader will not agree entirely with us in our defence, we feel safe in as-

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suming that he will, after reading this book, admit he knows the members of the professions better than he did, or at least sees them in a new light.

G. H. B.

The Lawyer.



PERHAPS the severest and the most drastic attacks are made on the lawyers, and when we have finished our defence we feel confident that they will be understood better. It is concededly unfair to judge anyone without being in possession of all the facts, for frequently there is some extenuating circumstance, as we say, when one is found "with the goods on" as it were.

The following have been suggested as proper New Year's Resolutions for the average lawyer:

With this New Year I'll aim to
please.

I'll do great work for little fees.

Prevarication I'll eschew

And utilize no dodges new.

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I'll advocate no unjust cause
And break no wills, whate'er the
laws.

These resolutions are not grudged.
For lawyers, too, in time are judged.

THE PATRON SAINT

Many, many years ago an eminent lawyer of Rome was being shown through the Vatican Museum by the then Pope, and was admiring the statues of various saints. Turning to the Pope, he said: "Father, do you not think it is unjust and unfair that we of the law should have no patron saint when all others have been so well cared for?" The Pope, good naturedly admitted the justness of the complaint, and said: "Brother, you are right. Surely, if anyone needs a patron saint to watch over them and guide them, the lawyers do. I will cover your eyes, then you may walk about the hall and he whose statue you first touch, shall be the

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patron saint of the lawyers." This well pleased the lawyer, and first taking a look at a very beautiful figure, he was blindfolded and started down the hall. Of course, he soon lost his bearings and after a while he reached and touched a figure and cried out: "This shall be our patron saint." "Very good," replied the Pope, and removing the covering from the lawyer's eyes, the latter was chagrined and surprised to see he had selected the statue of Belzebub, the fallen angel, and ever since he has been the patron saint of the lawyers.

Now we ask in all fairness, is it not an extenuating circumstance when a lawyer starts out in life with such a handicap?

WHAT THE LAWYER IS

An eminent Chief Justice of England once remarked that "A lawyer is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it for himself."

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Of course, that is mere pleasantry, but, assuming for the sake of argument, that it is true, surely it must be more agreeable that your lawyer should have your estate, than that your enemy should keep it. One can hardly expect to have everything in this life.

CHOOSING THE PROFESSION

One time a man and woman possessed a son. He had reached the mature age of two years, and they were much concerned as to what business or profession he should be trained for.

They felt that early training would materially affect the future, and that they should be bringing him up in that line for which he exhibited the greatest aptitude.

So, one day the father put a large Bible on the floor, and on it placed an apple and a coin, and leaving the child with these he retired and closed

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the door, and calling his wife, explained his original and certain scheme of unveiling the future of the child.

If on their return, the child had the Bible in his hands, he then should be trained for the ministry; if he had the apple, he should become a merchant, and if he held the coin he should become a banker.

After a brief period, the parents sought the child. There he was found sitting on the Bible, eating the apple while in his hand he held the coin, and the poor father cried out in distress as the mother fainted: "We will now have to make a lawyer of him, and he our only child, too."

Another piece of evidence for the lawyer. When his profession is so cut out for him by his parents, is it any surprise that there are frequent apparent incompetents?

The story is told of a farmer's son

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who wished to become a famous lawyer, that he went to Springfield, Ill., and accepted employment at a small sum from an attorney. At the end of three days' study, he returned to the farm. "Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked his father. "It ain't what it's cracked up to be," replied Bill, gloomily, "I'm sorry I learned it."

OTHERS OPINIONS OF THE LAWYER

Let us, if we will, call lawyers necessary evils. They must have some useful purpose, even if you cannot determine what it is. Just as flies and mosquitoes,—while a seeming plague, surely are for some good end.

Many complain that the majority of legislators are lawyers, and that when they adjourn they immediately proceed, for pay, to attack the very laws they have made, and literally drive a team of horses through those

laws, or prove them unconstitutional.

We will admit that there is a measure of truth in this complaint, but how narrow the vision of these complainants. Cannot they see a valuable lesson in this? Does that not prove the fallibility of man? Again, some prosey and unappreciative mind has compared the lawyer to a restless man in that "He lies on one side, turns over and lies on the other."

If that be true, does it not prove he is versatile, and does it not require much natural talent well applied? Are we to insist that one must look neither to the right nor to the left, but always ahead?

"I want you to show that this law is constitutional. Do you think that you can manage it?" asked a man of his lawyer.

"Easily."

"Well, go ahead with the case, get familiar with it."

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"I am already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove was unconstitutional two years ago."

Fortunately all lawyers do not live up to the purpose for which some clients conceive they were ordained. Fancy the following:

Country Lawyer: — "Of course you've told me the whole truth about this affair?"

Uncle Nim Peasley:—"Yes, sir; nothing but the hull truth. I've hired yer ter furnish the lies, so's we kin win the case."

Perhaps the Irish crier in a Court in Dublin unconsciously gave the most concise opinion of lawyers that would please the worldly lay person: "Now then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the Court."

Judge: "Prisoner, have you any-

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thing further to add to your defense?"

Prisoner: "All that I ask you to consider, my Lord, is the extreme youth of my counsel."

Frequently an attorney is not celebrated for his probity, and when such a case exists, the long suffering public magnifies the attorney until he becomes a million instead of one, and this feeling and opinion of the lawyers become so general that it is second nature.

This is illustrated in the story of an attorney whose reputation was not good. He was robbed one night on his way home. The next day his father meeting a friend, said: "William, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No, John, whom did he rob?"

Who could resist the force and eloquence of this rough appeal?

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Prisoner at the Bar—"Now I ask you, gents of the jury, if I'd got away with all that swag, like they say I did, d'yer suppose I'd hired this little \$15.00 lawyer ter defend me?"

Unfortunately many lawyers resort to tricks, and subterfuge to aid them in winning a case. This is a frequent cause of bringing disrepute upon the profession, and the great number of noble characters must suffer for the errors and wrong doing of the misguided few.

A lawyer recently was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff. He took the child up in his arms and presented it to the jury suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposing lawyer asked the child: "What made you cry?" "He pinched me," answered the little one. It is needless of course, to say that the attempt to excite sympathy did not accomplish its purpose.

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It was back in the days when portraits in oil were the fad, says the Green Bag, and Lawyer Simpson, the town's Daniel Webster, had his painted in his favorite and characteristic attitude standing with one hand in his trouser's pocket. His friends and clients remarked upon its wonderful likeness. Finally an old farmer dissented. "'Taint like Simpson. No, 'taint!"

"'Taint like? Just show wherein 'taint like," said another.

"'Taint like," repeated the man, shaking his head. "Simpson's got his hand in his own pocket. 'Twould be more natural if he hed it in somebody's else."

Of course, lawyers, too, have their opinions of the great mass known as the general public, and it would perhaps not flatter them, if they could hear in detail just what these opinions are.

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A lawyer recently being taken sick, made his last will, and in that will, perhaps as concisely as it would be possible to do it, gave his opinion of the public, for he "gave all of his estate to fools and madmen," giving as reason "that from such he had received it and to them he returned it on his death."

FEES

On the question of fees, the lawyers are perhaps most frequently criticised.

The ordinary person cannot understand why he should pay ten dollars or more for talking to a lawyer, and he is prone to exaggerate very much the propensity of the lawyer to charge large fees for little services.

"Have you," asked the judge in an English criminal court, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor, my lawyer took my last cent," was the sorrowful reply.

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They tell of a lawyer who was called up by the Bar Association for unprofessional conduct in taking less than the usual fee from a client, for a certain piece of work. He however, was able to show that he took all of the money that the man had, whereupon he was honorably acquitted.

A famous lawyer, being called on to defend a man who was charged with stealing a pig, argued many days and worked like a horse to save his client. The jury, however, having dined not well, convicted the man and sent him to the penitentiary. Then the famous lawyer went to the man and said: "My friend, it is a crying shame that you were convicted, for never have I been so convinced of a client's innocence. And now about my fee? "Oh, that's all right," said the man, "You can have the pig."

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A shrewd old Vermont farmer came into a lawyer's office the other day and proceeded to relate the circumstances in a matter about which he thought it would be profitable to "go to law."

"You think I hev a good case?" he finally asked.

"Very good indeed!" the lawyer assured him. "You should certainly bring suit."

"What would your fee be fer the whole thing?" the old farmer asked.

"Fifty dollars," was the prompt response.

The client pulled out an old wallet, extracted a roll of bills, and counted out \$50.

"Now," he said, "you hev got all you would get out of this case anyway; so s'pose you tell me honestly just what you think my chances of winnin' a suit are?"

But the lawyer too must struggle

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for success. Ability can only be displayed after the work is secured, hence, ability often lies dormant and is never revealed.

A young "briefless lawyer" was perambulating the courts with an air of scarcely being able to find time to do anything when his boy tracked him down in one of the corridors.

"Oh, sir!" said the boy, "there is a man at your office with a brief sir."

"What a brief! Great Heavens!"

And the young fellow began to run through the passages as fast he could for fear the prey should escape him.

"Stop, sir, stop!" cried the boy, who could scarcely keep pace. "You needn't hurry, sir; I've locked him in!"

Two college chums happened to enter simultaneously upon their respective careers of physician and lawyer, and late one afternoon the newly-made medico dashed into the

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room of his legal friend, exclaiming:

"Congratulate me, old man. I've got a patient at last. Just on my way to see him now!"

The legal light slapped his friend enthusiastically on the back.

"Delighted, old chap," he cried. Then after a slight pause, he added with a sly grin: "I say, let me go with you. Perhaps he hasn't made his will yet."

I think we overlook the amount of time that a lawyer spends in worrying over your case, the amount of time that he spends in acquiring the knowledge to efficiently and satisfactorily handle your business, and remember only that you spent an hour in consulting him, being blind to the fact that very many hours that you have not been with him, he has been studying and planning to help you to success.

As an illustration of how assidu-

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ously and faithfully the lawyers work for your interest in your absence, is the case of a lawyer who intervened for some policy-holders in a defunct insurance company in this State. He afterwards applied to the court for an allowance as counsel in addition to the fees and commissions he was receiving from his clients.

The amount of \$1,500 which he asked, struck the court as being excessive, and it directed him to prepare an itemized statement showing how this claim was made up.

In due time the statement was furnished, and it was made up of items as follows:

“Talking with the reporters

about the case, 5 hours. . . . \$50.00

“Sitting in the park, thinking

about the case, 3 hours. . . . 30.00

and so on the items made up \$1,500, showing the many hours consumed in either talking or thinking about the same.

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THE JURY

A word about the jury, for so much has been said about the lawyers who tamper with the jury. An incident or two will illustrate this. A jury was about to be sworn as the twelfth man stepped into the box. Mr. Rosen was for the plaintiff. The defendant's attorney pleaded for delay owing to the absence of a material witness, and the application was finally granted. The judge, turning to the jury, as the lawyers were gathering up their papers, said, "Gentlemen, you are discharged." "All left the box but the foreman, Raphael Zabinsky.

The judge looked at him a moment, and said: "Mr. Zabinsky, did you not hear me say the jury was discharged?"

"Yes," answered Zabinsky, "but I'm hired by Mr. Rosen and I can't go until he discharges me.

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During a trial in an Alabama city years ago, one of the jurors suddenly rose from his seat and precipitately fled from the court room. He was arrested before he had left the building and brought back. "What do you mean by running off in that way?" asked the judge, who knew the man to be a simple honest old farmer.

"It's like this, your honor," said the man, earnestly. "When Mr. Hobbs finished talking my mind was clear, but when Mr. Clayton began I was all confused again, and I said to myself, I'd better leave at once, and stay away until he's gone; for to tell the truth, I didn't like the way the argument was going, your honor."

This fixing the jury does not always result in profit.

A man was accused of murder and his lawyer arranged with an Irish juror to stand out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury was out

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some time and brought in a verdict of manslaughter and the pleased lawyer shaking the hand of his friend on the jury said: "That was fine, did you have much trouble to induce them to make it manslaughter?" "Sure, I had the time of me life, the other jurormen wanted to bring in a verdict of acquittal," replied the jurorman.

The spectator in the court room has frequently smiled involuntarily as he listened to the lawyers, each striving to influence the jury, address the members as "You intelligent gentlemen" or "The learned gentlemen of the jury must see, etc."

A young practioner in a burst of enthusiasm, unconsciously of course, "summoned up" a case in a manner that would have brought forth applause in any place but the Halls of Justice.

This bright young attorney rather

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given to strenuous oratory was employed to defend a man charged with aggravated assault and battery. The facts were that the defendant had been called an Irish liar, and had resented the insult by seriously injuring the insulter. The young attorney in his address to the jury first discussed the defence generally, but warming to his subject, addressed a German juror as follows: "Mr. Herman, if a man should call you a German liar wouldn't you try to break his face?" To a Jew juror: "Mr. Einstein, if a man should call you a Sheeny liar, wouldn't you strike him with any weapon at hand?" To an Irish juror: "Mr. McGinty, if a man should call you an Irish liar, wouldn't you try to kill him?" And then carried away by his own eloquence, he addressed the remaining nine jurors of uncertain nationality: "And you other members of the jury, if a man should call you the various kinds of

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liar that you are, wouldn't you slay him if you could?" The jury stood nine to three for conviction.

Nor will he who has seen many juries in his time admit that the language in the following story was likely far astray.

Judge ———, who is now on the Supreme Court bench was, when he first began the practice of law, a very blundering speaker. On the occasion when he was trying a case in replevin, involving the right of property in a lot of hogs, he addressed the jury as follows: "Gentlemen, of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in this jury box."

And still another phase of the jury question—the action is in course of trial—when the defendant leans over and whispers to his lawyer, "I don't

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like that seventh juror, at all." The lawyer answers, "Yes, he has a pretty mean face." "It's not his face that bothers me," his client answered, "but he's paying altogether too close attention to the evidence."

LAWYER AND WITNESS

How often have we heard of the brutal browbeating lawyer who taking advantage of his privileges abuses the witness, the following story is told as an illustration: It is said that there are some legal questions that a witness cannot answer by a simple yes or no, and a lawyer will sometimes take advantage of this fact. One of this class was once demanding that a witness answer a certain question either in the affirmative or negative.

"I cannot do it," said the witness. "There are some questions that cannot be answered by a "Yes" or a "No" as any one knows."

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"I defy you to give an example to the court," thundered the lawyer.

The retort came in a flash. "Are you still beating your wife?"

A sickly grin spread over the lawyer's face and he sat down.

To our unbiased mind this seems rather an unfair advantage taken of a trusting and polite professional gentleman.

The case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness. "Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him.

"The fact is," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

De Wolfe Hopper was once a wit-

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ness in a suit for slander and the opposing counsel in the court-room said:

"You are an actor, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Hopper.

"Is not that a low calling?"

"I don't know, but it's so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

"What is your father's calling, may I ask?"

"He was a lawyer," said Hopper.

Most lawyers take a keen delight trying to confuse medical experts in the witness box in murder trials, and often they get paid back in their own coin. A case is recalled where the lawyer, after exercising all his tangling tactics without effect, looked quizzically at the doctor who was testifying and said:

"You will admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?"

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"Oh, yes; the same as lawyers," was the cool reply.

"And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," was the lawyer's triumphant reply.

"Yes," he replied, and the lawyers' mistakes often swing in the air."

The blow that destroys the effect of an adverse examination is occasionally more the result of accident than conscious effort. In a trial not long ago a very simple witness was in the box and after going through his ordeal was ready to retire. One question remained.

"Now, Mr. ———, has not an attempt been made to induce you to tell the court a different story?"

"A different story to what I have told sir?"

"Yes, is it not so?"

"Yes sir."

"Upon your oath, I demand to know who the persons are who attempted this."

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"Well, sir, you've tried as hard as any of 'em," was the unexpected answer.

It ended the examination.

The same lawyer told another, not so much to his disadvantage. This time he was prosecuting a case, and up to the cross-examination everything seemed to be going against him. The first witness to come under his cross-examination was an old Cape Cod man, shrewd, and clear-headed, who had been a fine witness for the defence. The lawyer was quite sure that there was nothing to be had from this man and began questioning him perfunctorily. The witness answered briefly and to the point, but to the lawyer's great surprise his answers were all in favor of the prosecution. The lawyer eagerly put question after question and the answers were always the same, while the lawyer for the defence was turning green in his chair.

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Finally when it was apparent to all that the scales had turned in favor of the prosecution, the witness was told that he was through. Then came the climax. The old man drew himself up to his full height, smote his open palm with his fist, and with a triumphant smile on his face said: "No sir, you ain't through with me yet. Go on with your questions. I've got ye jest where I want ye."

Frequently the witness is the cause of embarrassment to the lawyer and places him in a position where he is misjudged by the ever critical public.

Toward the close of a recent law suit in Massachusetts, the wife of an eminent Harvard professor arose and with a flaming face timidly addressed the court.

"Your honor," said she, "If I told you I had made an error in my testimony, would it vitiate all I have said?"

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Instantly the lawyers for each side stirred themselves in excitement, while His Honor gravely regarded her. "Well, Madam," said the Court after a pause, "that depends entirely on the nature of your error. What was it, please?"

"Why, you see," answered the lady more and more red and embarrassed, "I told the clerk I was 38. I was so flustered you know, that when he asked my age I inadvertently gave my bust measurement.

CONSULTATIONS

There is no subject upon which the lawyer is consulted as frequently as that of domestic difference and, strange to say, the cause of difference is frequently trivial or at least not one sound in law.

"Permit me to ask you, Madam," said the lawyer, who was a friend of the family, "your real reason for wanting a divorce from your husband."

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"He isn't the man I thought I was marrying," explained the fair caller.

"My dear Madam," rejoined the lawyer, "the application of that principal would break up every home in the country."

Sound and impartial advice for which the lawyer seldom receives credit.

Lawyer—"Am I to understand that your wife left your bed and board?"

Uncle Ephraim—"No'zactly, boss, she dun tuk mah bed and bo'd along wif her."

"Counselor," he whispered, to the lawyer who had come to his bedside to draw his will. "Do you think there is any hope?"

After pondering for a moment the lawyer asked:

"For whom do you mean—your wife or you?"

The good lawyer will ever consider the interest of the survivor.

THE LAWYER'S OPINION OF HIMSELF

It will be found that with the lawyer, as with others, the possession of a profound and satisfying opinion of his own ability goes far towards convincing the world at large, that he, having such an intimate knowledge of the subject, surely must know best, and if he feels so, he is probably right.

We are reminded of that old, old story, told of Ben Butler, when he was Governor of Massachusetts: Noticing two lawyers in private disputation on the Capitol steps, he inquired as to the point of issue.

"We'll leave the question to you," they both exclaimed. "We were disputing as to who is the greatest lawyer in Massachusetts.

"I am," said Ben Butler.

The lawyers looked nonplussed for a moment, and then one ventured to ask, "But how can you prove it, Governor?"

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The Governor fell back upon his knowledge of the law.

"I don't have to prove it," he said, with dignity. "I admit it."

THE LAWYER'S ASSISTANT

But even the lawyer cannot expect to be a hero in the eyes of his office boy; frequently the intimate association permits of a rather clear, if unpleasant analysis. This was evidently so in the following case:

The office boy of a certain Philadelphia lawyer recently approached his employer with a request for an increase of wage.

"How old are you?" demanded the lawyer.

"Fourteen, sir."

"And you're drawing \$4 a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know, young man," said the lawyer, with forbidding sternness, "That when I was your age I was receiving only \$2 a week?"

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"No, sir; I didn't know it," said the boy. Then, after a moment's reflection, he added, quite respectfully, "but then, sir, perhaps you weren't worth any more."

"Sir," said the office boy of Mr. Lawyer, "I want to ask you a question about law. Supposing a man had a peacock and the peacock went into another man's garden and laid an egg, who would the egg belong to?"

Briefer was relieved; this was an easier one than usual. "The egg, my boy would belong to the man who owned the peacock," he said, "but the man in whose garden it was laid would have good cause for action for trespass."

"Thank you, sir." Silence for a brief space, and then:

"But sir, can a peacock lay an egg?"

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THE LAWYER'S IDEA OF DUTY

Who has not asked the question—"Is a lawyer justified in defending or trying to secure the release of one whom he knows to be guilty?" This question should be answered for all time by the logic displayed in the "Summoning up" in the following case:

Lawyer—"My client, your honor, has confessed that he committed burglary. You will admit this an eloquent proof of my client's love of truth and of his upright conscience, and, your honor, a man with such a delicate conscience should not be accused of having broken into a house to steal. Never!"

The following from "Law Notes" gives an idea of some lawyer's sense of duty and also the fervor with which he can defend what to the lay mind might seem a hopeless case.

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The following summing up to the jury was given some years ago in one of our Western States by the attorney for the defendant in a murder trial: "Gentlemen of the jury: Thou shalt not kill! Now, if you hang my client you transgress the command. Murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by a single individual like my client. I do not deny the fact that my client has killed a man. No such thing, gentlemen. You may bring the prisoner in guilty, and the hangman will do his duty, but will that excuse you? No! In that case each of you will be murderers! Who, among you is prepared to have the brand of Cain marked upon his brow to-day?—you, freemen in this land of liberty and light. I pledge you my word not one of you has a bowie knife. Your pockets are odoriferous with the fumes of cigars and tobacco. You may smoke the tobacco of recti-

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tude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience, but hang my unfortunate client and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principals of your animal viscera until the spinal vertebrae of your anatomical construction will be converted into a gigantic railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair.

Beware, I say unto you, of meddling with the eternal prerogative; beware I say, of committing murder! I adjure you by the manumitted ghost of temporary sanctity to do no murder! I adjure you by the name of woman—the mainspring of the tickling timepiece of time's theoretical transmigration—to do no murder! I adjure you by the American Eagle, which whipped the universal gamecock of creation, and now lies roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And, if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you;

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if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of Rocky Mountain buffalo; and to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but sneaking, rascally bits of humanity, whittled down into indistinctability, acquit my client, and save your country."

It is not recorded whether the jury decided to hang the convict or the lawyer—many will feel the latter course would have been justified.

This complaint of the verboseness of lawyers is quite general, therefore the cause may be assumed to be quite common—whether it is a desire to impress the client with the fact that he made no mistake in employing the eloquent advocate, or because that same advocate is intoxicated with his own verbosity is unknown, but the fact remains that the cause of complaint is one of every day occurrence in all courts of the land—and this,

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notwithstanding that small encouragement is given by the business-like and prosaic judges.

A long-winded, prosy barrister, says a contemporary, was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges in the High Court. He was drifting along in a desultory way when the judge yawned suggestively. "I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of the Court?" said counsel, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice. "There is a difference," replied the judge, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."

The attorneys for the prosecution and defence had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defence had commenced his argument with an illusion to the old swimming hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing of

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the birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water—

And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge.

“Come out, Chauncey,” he said, “and put on your clothes; your fifteen minutes are up.”

Doctors.



DEFENCE impossible.

The profession of medicine is one of the three professions which it is difficult to defend.

In the first place, everyone has a natural antipathy to the doctor, because feeling that under normal conditions he at least is entitled to his health, he is apt to feel resentment toward the man to whom he must go to have his health restored, especially when he is compelled to pay him for it.

And so, the whole world to a man, outside of the members of the profession itself, have the same feeling toward doctors that the Irishman at the country fair has towards heads—an irresistible desire to knock them whenever the chance occurs, and

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where this condemnation is so universal, it is difficult to determine what is a justifiable complaint, and what is not, because one in his antipathy is prone to exaggerate.

However, we purpose outlining a few of the more general complaints, so that one may determine whether there is any justification in this general condemnation of the medical profession.

Generally speaking, the most grievous complaint made against the doctors is that they are continually experimenting at the risk of your life; that on the matter of fees they have absolutely no conscience, and that they are disposed rather to prolong your illness, real or imaginary, that they may the better separate you from your bank balance.

It has been said that parsons and doctors have this in common: One dealeth in faith and prayer, ye other

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dealeth out faith and pills, and both help us to die easily.

FEEES

Touching on the question of exorbitant fees, an eminent surgeon performed an operation, and a medical student at the college asked him: "What did you operate on that man for?"

Eminent Surgeon: "\$500."

Student: "I mean what did he have?"

Surgeon: "\$500."

"Doctor," said the patient, who had been ailing for a long time, "be frank with me. Why did you demand such a large fee for cutting out my appendix?"

"Well, the truth is," explained the frank M. D., "when I removed that appendix I cut off my chief source of revenue."

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A professor addressing a class of medical students referring to fees and charges said solemnly:

A doctor who will charge less than \$5 for a consultation is too cheap to keep company with.

Never diagnose neurasthenia where the income is less than \$10,000 per year, or prescribe Travel.

Dr. Quills—"I think a European trip would benefit that wealthy patient of mine."

Dr. Pills—"Why don't you recommend one?"

Dr. Squills—"I can't afford it."

"Sorry, Brown," said the doctor after the examination. "You're in a very serious condition. I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you."

"Operate!" gasped Brown. "Why, I haven't any money for operations. I'm only a poor working man."

"You're insured, are you not?"

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"Yes, but I don't get that until I'm dead."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the doctor consolingly.

Even the most hardened opponent of the doctors must have a twinge of pity and sympathy for the country doctor who wrote his more prosperous city brother as follows:

"Dear Dock: I have a pashunt whose physical sines shows that the windpipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have dropped into his stomick. I have given him every think without affeckt; his father is wealthy, honorable and influencial, he is a member of the Assembly, but otherwise respectable and God nose I don't want to lose him. What shall I do? Answer by return male."

Yours frat,

Doc Tishbern.

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LOYALTY TO THE PROFESSION

There must be one thing however, said in their favor, and that is, their disposition to stand by each other and sustain the reputation of the profession, whether that be good or bad.

The doctor has many advantages over the members of the other professions in that he is invariably able to cover up his mistakes by assigning some cause over which he had no control.

Some one has said: "All men make mistakes, but the doctor's mistakes are easiest forgotten—since they are soonest covered up."

It is said that the most active ally in covering up the doctor's mistakes, is the undertaker, and that there is a standing agreement between the doctors and undertakers by which the doctors receive a commission on every funeral, so that the doctor gets them coming and going.

THE DOCTOR
THE SPECIALIST

If there is any one class of doctors that the people agree upon as a unit that are absolutely heartless in their demands for money, it is the class known as "the specialists."

The real specialty seems to be in asking three times the amount for a piece of work that the ordinary doctor would charge, and perhaps there is not a man who has not shuddered at the prospects, when told by his doctor that he must go to a specialist because his troubles did not appear to respond to the efforts of the man with more limited knowledge.

We are frank to say that we have always thought that when a doctor refers you to a specialist, that he has reached a point where he knows you are ready to enter a protest at his non-success, and that he cannot get any more money from you, and is not willing to permit you to escape while you still have any available funds,

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and so, he brings up the subject of specialists, knowing that if you listen to him another brother will get it out of you and your funds will soon be dissipated. So we think it is no exaggeration to say that the thing that appalls us most is the big fee of the specialist.

THE SPECIALIST OUTDONE

We have heard of only one man who devised a scheme to get ahead of the specialist, and we must say that this man filled us with joy.

A shrewd Jew who had tried all the things his doctor suggested, and received no relief, was told by the doctor he would have to go to a specialist.

"Oh my! Oh my! but won't that be expensable?" he asked.

"Yes," said the doctor, "but it is necessary." "So! what cost it?" "You will have to pay him \$25 for the first visit and \$5 for each visit thereafter, but it cannot be helped."

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"What means that \$5 thereafter?"

"It means, the first time you go you pay \$25, but the next time you go you only pay \$5.

"Oh! I see."

The Jew thought over the matter well and then called on the specialist. He said: "Is this Dr. Brown, the specialist?" The latter answered, "Yes." "Well," said the Jew, "here I am again." _____

A man whose wife was ill in the country sent for a doctor, who called. After the physician had examined her, he sat down and wrote a prescription. The husband followed him into the hall and said:

"Doctor, what is the matter with my wife?"

"Well, I don't know, but you give her this powder and she will have a fit, and I am h—ll on fits."

DECIDING THE PROFESSION

An indulgent father reached that point that all fathers reach when the

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baby is a few years old—to decide what he is going to be in life. While he was worrying over the subject one day, the child tore a leaf from a book. His father was about to scold him when his face suddenly lighted with pleasure, and taking the leaf to his wife, said: "Now dear, I know what our son is going to be. He is going to be a great surgeon,—he just tore the appendix from the book."

Of course, if it is only some such act as this that starts a child in the profession, there is some excuse, or rather it is some explanation of the condition that exists.

EXPERIMENTING

I doubt if any one has ever heard a doctor say that he did not know what to do. He has a way of overcoming that difficulty.

On his first visit, if he is unable to determine what the complaint is, he will either give some harmless medi-

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cine and determine to look the matter up when he gets home, or else wait until the next day and see if the patient shows any more pronounced symptoms.

Or, if he thinks that perhaps it may be one of two or three different complaints, he will try medicine in turn that might relieve each of these complaints, until he strikes that one that brings a response.

Of course all of this time the patient has no idea that the doctor is sparring at the patient's expense, that he is paying for these experimental visits, and that he perhaps is continuing to suffer, and if he does not die and finally recovers his health, though he has lost money, the doctor claims the glory for his recovery.

"The examination seems to have delighted Dr. Blank," said the patient to one of the doctors, when they were alone for a moment, "for

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I have noticed that his eyes are positively beaming. I assume then, that my case is not a grave one."

"Well," hesitated the physician addressed, "I hardly feel justified in saying that. But I understand from Dr. Blank that he is going to perform a number of interesting operations on you."

When one realizes how much sickness there is and how much experimenting is done, and with it all how many men in the profession are criminally ignorant, isn't it surprising how many people recover, even after being attended by doctors.

Two doctors met in the hall of the hospital.

"Well," said the first, "what's new this morning?"

"I've got a most curious case. Woman, cross-eyed, in fact, so cross-eyed that when she cried the tears run down her back."

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"What are you doing for her?"

"Just now," was the answer, "we're treating her for bacteria."

Recently a young man called at the office of the health board and asked for a permit to bury his father. The clerk asked him what time, and where his father had died. He said, that so far as he knew his father was not yet dead. The clerk ordered the man out of the office, but he persisted saying that he lived a long distance from the place and that he did not have time to return, and that he knew that if his father was living at that moment, he certainly would not be for more than a few hours.

"What have you done, given him poison," asked the clerk.

"No, but the doctor this morning gave father some medicine and he told me that father would not live until night. The doctor knows what was in that medicine, and so there is

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a certainty that father will die all right."

It is possible that this man had had previous experience with doctors, and while many have been disappointed in the doctor's predictions that one would get well, it is very seldom that the doctor permits himself to be in error when he says that a patient is not going to live.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR

While there are many books that purport to teach any man to be his own lawyer, they are not in general use, and no one will use them who can hire a lawyer, and so it is when one is spiritually ill, he will call in the minister to console and comfort him, notwithstanding that there are an abundance of books of prayer and spiritual comfort. But, with the doctors the opposite is the case.

No one will have a doctor who can afford to be without one, and so the

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apothecary shops and drug stores contain hundreds of thousands of medicines and mixtures covering every possible ailment to which the human body is subject, and so far has this gone that of late years that detailed instruction by public lectures have been given in "first aid to the injured," so that people might in emergency, even in dangerous cases avoid the chance of losing a life by calling a doctor.

A young doctor commenting upon this, made the complaining remark: "While you frequently read of how to keep the patient alive until the doctor arrives, you never read of how to keep the doctor alive until the patient arrives." It may be that the long suffering public has no ardent desire to keep the doctor alive.

An eminent New York surgeon, now very wealthy and the envied possessor of a large practice, often

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tells with glee of an incident of his younger days.

When he first hung out his shingle and started to win fame and fortune things looked pretty gloomy. Six whole weeks he sat in his modest little office without a call from a single patient, and his first fee seemed a long way off.

At last, one night there came a ring at the office bell. The servant flew to the door. The doctor could not make up his mind whether he would rather be called to a good chronic patient or to some sensational accident to a well-known citizen. He opened the door of the consulting room as calmly as he could and saw a young man there.

"Excuse me, doctor," said the young man. "I wished to know if I could arrange to collect your bad debts on commission."

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FIRST AID

A colored woman who had probably heard of first aid to the injured, called on a doctor and told him that her youngest child was in a bad way.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor. "Doc, she done swallowed a bottle of ink?"

"I'll be over in a short while to see her," said the doctor. "Have you done anything for her?"

"Yes, doctor, I done give her three pieces of blotting paper," said the colored woman. —

Irate Doctor (finding bottle of rival's medicine)—"Why didn't you tell me you were taking this wretched stuff?"

Patient—"Well, it was my missus. She says, I'll dose you with this, and doctor, he'll try this stuff, and we'll see which'll cure you first." —

Just how seriously some consider the treatment by certain physicians,

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can be seen in the story of Mr. Blank, who remarked to a friend:

"Dr. Krample has saved my life."

"I didn't know you were under his treatment."

"No, I wasn't. I consulted him and he advised me to go to another physician."

DIAGNOSIS

Doctors are said to have no compunction about changing their opinion or their advice immediately, and without any apparent reason. Certainly they have no conscience about it.

A doctor said to a patient, "You must drink two cups of strong tea every morning."

"I have done that for years."

"Then, said the doctor, "you must stop it at once."

All will probably agree the physician in the following case was justified in changing his opinion.

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Physician—"From a hasty examination I am of the opinion that you are suffering from clergyman's sore throat."

Patient—"The hell you say!"

Physician (hastily)—"But it is quite possible, I am wrong. I will look again."

A rich man complaining to his physician of a slight disorder, the latter said to him as he felt his pulse, "Do you eat well?"

"Yes," said the patient.

"Do you sleep well?"

"I do."

Then said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away all that."

Nor is the following much exaggerated:

Physician—"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

Patient—"Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble

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seems to be with my breather."

Physician—"All right, I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

After all it is consoling to feel that the doctor to whom you submit yourself, has ability, confidence and is sure of himself, even if to the lay mind these approach the miraculous.

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals, will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."

We must not forget, however, the

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many patients who diagnose their own cases, tell the doctor their trouble, as they see it, and direct him what he must give them to affect a cure. It is a very unsatisfactory position for the doctor, yet one so frequently met with that the physician who is successful is a past-master in diplomacy.

Even when the doctor makes a perfectly correct diagnosis there is a possibility of the patient not being entirely satisfied, as witness:

Dr. Brown (in Otology)—“From what this patient says, we can presume that his difficulty arises from a diseased condition of the middle ear.”

Patient (angrily)—“What do you take me for, a ring streaked willipus-wallipus? You talk about my middle ear; how many do you think I’ve got, three or five? I’ll have you understand that I’ve got just two of them, like other folks, and there ain’t no middle one. Don’t get fresh!”

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A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifle made her uneasy and called the doctor immediately.

The doctor was a skillful man, and consequently had a large practice. It was very disagreeable for him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing, and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said:

"You did well to send for me early."

The lady looked alarmed, and asked:

"Is it dangerous, then?"

"Certainly not," replied the doctor.

"To-morrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

"Well, here I am," announced the

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fashionable physician in his breezy way. "And now what do you think is the matter with you?"

"Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient. "What is new?"

Can you picture the embarrassment of this doctor?

"Oh doctor, he growled so savagely I was sure he was mad even before he went on in such a biting way."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but is it your large dog or your small pet one you are speaking of?"

"Law, doctor, it isn't my dog I am talking about; it's my husband."

A convention of physicians was called hurriedly and secretly. Dr. Killman arose to speak.

"Gentlemen of the profession," he said, "something must be done. Our automobile tires are wearing out, our daughters' music lessons are unpaid,

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and nearly all our good patrons have already been operated upon for appendicitis. What shall we do?"

"Let's discover a new microbe?" said Dr. Quack.

The motion was carried unanimously, and a wave of sickness wafted ducats to the doctors' coffers.

THE PATIENT

Some people even endeavor to make illness a luxury.

Doctor—"You must leave off your beer and take plenty of exercise. Do some wood-chopping and work in your garden."

Patient—"Snakes, doctor! Those are just the things that gives one a beautiful thirst."

Yet still other patients take the doctor's directions altogether too literally.

Some men obey the instructions of their physicians and some do not, but this one did.

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He went into a men's outfitting store and asked to look at shirts. The genial clerk asked whether he wanted a negligee or a stiff bosom, and the buyer replied:

"A negligee, I guess. My doctor told me to keep away from all starchy things."

Another case of literally following a doctor's directions is described in the following case:

An Irishman was somewhat under the weather and he consulted a physician. The doctor said: "Patrick, you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food."

Remembering his case a few days afterward, when in that neighborhood the doctor called upon Pat in the stable.

"Well, Pat, how are you getting on with the treatment."

"Oh, sure, sor, Oi manage all right with the grain and oats, but it is mighty hard with the chopped hay."

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The patient who is blindly exact in following the doctor's orders cannot be as annoying as the patient who is intensely inflated with his own opinions and who treats intelligent directions as unnecessary; such a one constantly embarrasses the doctor.

An exaggeration but an illustration.

Doctor—"You must be careful and follow the right directions for taking this pill."

Pat—"G'wan wid ye. There's only wan direction fer it to go."

A Philadelphia physician says that not long ago he was called to see an Irishman, and among other directions told him to take an ounce of whiskey three times a day. A day or so later he made another visit and found the man, while not so sick, undeniably drunk.

"How did this happen?" the physician demanded of Pat's wife, who was hovering about solicitously.

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"Sure," docther, an' 'tis just what you ordered, and no more he had," she protested.

"I said one ounce of whiskey three times a day; that could not make him drunk," the physician said. "He has had much more than that."

"Divil a dhrop more, docther, dear," she declared. "Sure an' Oi didn't know just how much an ounce was, so I wint to the drug store an' asked, an' the lad—he's a broth of a boy, too—told me sixteen drams was an ounce, and oi've been giving Pat sixteen drinks three times a day."

OPERATING

The propensity to operate on the slightest necessity seems to increase with the doctor as he progresses from "Doc" to "Doctor," thence to stage of Specialist and finally to that of Professor at which stage you may expect an operation for headache or stomach-ache—and it is of such as

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these the patient is in fear. One day while lecturing in surgery, Dr. V. _____ said:

"Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?"

One by one the students made their diagnosis and all of them answered in the negative.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the doctor, "and I shall operate to-morrow morning."

"No, you won't," said the patient, jumping out of bed, "six to one is too good a majority; give me my clothes."

THE STUDENT AND NURSE

An eminent medical professor lecturing to a class in the new hospital—evidently speaking with a memory of his own early days in the profession, said:

"Avoid funerals, especially of your own patients, but never miss a wedding. 'Coming events,' etc."

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In the interest of the peace of mind of patients, the following sage advice is given to the doctors—some graduates.

Although it may be Sunday, don't hum, "Nearer, My God to Thee," after writing your prescription.

The class in anatomy was having its first quizz and were asked the definition of "Vertebrae"—it went down the line unanswered when finally a thin studious chap wearing glasses, answered:

"The vertebrae is a long, wavy bone. My head sits on one end of it, and I sit on the other."

This student spoke truer than he knew.

Medical Professor—"What is the result gentlemen when a patient's temperature goes down as far as it can?"

Student—"Why—er—, he gets cold feet!"

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The trained nurse, that right hand of the doctor, can always be depended upon to get the best result for him from any case upon which she is engaged.

"Is this you, doctor," asks the nurse over the telephone.

"Yes," answered the physician.

"Well, you know you said Mr. Bonder wouldn't show any signs of improvement for five or six days?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is only the second day and he is a great deal better already. Shall I give him something to make him worse for the other three or four days?"

IN CHARITY

There are things with which the doctor has some times to contend that call for charity and patience.

Late one night Smith complained to his wife of a severe cold, which affected him so that he could not

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speak above a whisper. Restless and unable to sleep, he insisted upon dressing and going to see the doctor. Arriving at the doctor's house he rang the door bell, but no one answered. After ringing loudly again and receiving no response, he was about to return home when a window above was thrown open and a feminine voice called out:

"Who is it?"

"It's Smith. Is the doctor in?" he asked, in low, husky tones.

"No," whispered the doctor's wife, "Come on in."

Never for one moment permit your just condemnation of the fakers to become a general prejudice against the whole profession, nothing could be more unjust nor more unwarranted. It is truly said:

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“The doctor carries the keys to enough closets containing family skeletons to make him the most dangerous enemy to society—or it’s best friend.”

Yet he is often maligned.

Preachers.



Of the three professions, perhaps the adverse criticism is most justly directed against the profession of the ministry.

THE MINISTER AS HE IS

There are many reasons for this, and the one which perhaps most prompts it, is the high and lofty, much superior attitude which the men of the cloth take as a rule.

The Sunday school boy in his brief essay on clergymen, gave the most concise analysis of the situation. He said: "There are three kinds of clergymen: bishops, rectors and curates. The bishops tell the rectors to work and the curates have to do it." •

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“A curate is a thin married man, but when he is a rector he gets fuller and can preach long sermons, and becomes a good man.”

WHY CRITICIZED

Men are disposed to look upon the minister as one who has been blessed with a liberal education, and perhaps attractive features from an Adonis father. And, being thus favored among men, he has been enabled to acquire an easy and pleasant living, wherein he is required only to talk at people when they can not talk back, and chiding people for doing the things that most ordinary men do, so there is the disposition to hunt for the weaknesses and shortcomings in the minister, and to emphasize them wherever found.

There are so many things they say of these gentlemen, that it is difficult to know just where to begin, and then too, a charity toward this profession

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is expected, when it is given to no one else. So, we can only dwell upon a few of the alleged weaknesses of the ministry, offer a defense, and perhaps point out lines of reform that will tend to increase their efficiency, and call for the respect and admiration of their fellow beings.

UNFAIR CRITICISM

Of course there are people who are disposed to object to any natural attribute that a minister may possess. He must not be like other men; he must have no manly tastes; he must do nothing that the world does, and, on the other hand, he must not be an old woman.

The people who expect these things in a minister had better take to the woods at the first opportunity.

An English minister with a large family and a small income went to one of his deacons to see if he could not have his salary raised. "Salary?"

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said the deacon. He was one of those crimps, cold, close men—"Salary, I thought you worked for souls." "So I do, said the minister blushing, "But I can not eat souls, and if I could, it would take a great many your size to make a dish."

UNNATURALNESS

The story is told of the Rev. James Patterson of Philadelphia, that he once declared in a circle of his brethren he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor like their Master. "I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble. I never prayed that I might be poor, I could trust my church for that!"

Frequently, ministers in preaching will address their people in terms of affection so artificial that the desired effect is, of course, lost.

We have often wondered how a young minister felt who found him-

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self a victim of this propensity. He was stationed in Ireland and was compelled to make a circuit from town to town preaching at different churches.

In Dublin, he addressed them as follows: "My dear Dublin Souls," in Kilkenny, as "My dear Kilkenny Souls," but when he came to Cork, his finish can be imagined.

NARROWNESS.

Some one has said that religion is a sort of self-coddling in which we pay ministers to tell us what we like to hear. This is a very justified complaint.

The average minister is disposed to look upon his call as a position representing \$1,500, \$2,500 or \$5,000 as the case may be, and that it behooves him to please his people. That makes it impossible for him frequently to be fair to himself and be absolutely truthful.

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Yet that condition is brought about by a system over which he has no control, and it is owing very much, to denominationalism that narrows down the road over which he must travel, and puts him, as it were in a rut.

Denominationalism is a condition very much to be deplored, and is a drawback to the advancement of civilization, of spiritual welfare.

A man who might be induced to take an interest in things spiritual, cannot understand why, and how, there can be so many different denominations, and how, if one is right, the others can also be right; and how this awful contest must be viewed when kind Providence looks down upon these pigmies, who stand out and point at themselves as being superior to other men.

The absurdity and littleness of all of this difference of man with man as to denominational and sectarian

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belief is illustrated very well in this story :

John and Hannah were engaged to be married—John a Presbyterian—Hannah a Baptist. They hesitated about marrying, because they feared that in later life, when the little ones should come along, religious disputes might arise.

Thus the years passed, neither would renounce their church. John grew bald, and Hannah developed lines about her mouth and eyes. It was a complete deadlock.

John was sent abroad by his firm, and Hannah and he corresponded regularly. Towards the end of the year, by a remarkable coincidence, each received from the other a letter, the two letters crossing in the mails. They said "Dear John: The obstacles that stood in the way of our marriage have at last been removed. This day I was received into full membership in the Presbyterian church.—Hannah."

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"Dearest Hannah: We have no longer any grounds for delaying our union. I united myself this day with the Baptist church.—John."

While this is a simple story it illustrates a condition which all too often exists.

TOO FAR FROM NATURE

The minister who can get closest to nature will understand man better and will be more successful in his work.

One bright Sunday, a small boy, who belonged to his Sunday School, was seen by the minister, sitting on the river bank, intently fishing. The minister, unable to understand human nature and especially the creature, boy, said, in a very deep and impressive voice: "Johnny, I don't expect to meet you in Heaven."

"The deuce, you don't," said Johnny, who hadn't lifted his eyes from the creek, "What have you been doing now?"

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MISCONCEPTION OF HIS PURPOSE

The minister is frequently misjudged, because of the false conception that some people have of his purpose in life. Some men imagine that they may break every one of the commandments, and because of their contributions to the church, or their personal acquaintance with a minister, that they should have a free pass direct to Paradise.

Bishop Vincent has tersely defined the situation when he said "Every Christian should stay here as long as he can, the church is not a ticket office for Heaven, but a maker of character."

NOT ALL WEAK

It is said that the minister who dares tell the people exactly what is in his mind, exists only in romance, and that he could not hold a position in any large city for more than a solitary Sunday if he was as frank as he would like to be.

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There is much truth in that, and when we meet with a man such as the late Sam Jones, who was frank, if nothing else, our hearts are bound to go out to him and we are inclined to hope that others will imitate his courage.

On one occasion, in the midst of his lecturing, he suddenly stopped, and in the dramatic way that was all his own, said, "Now any man who has never said an unkind word to his wife, stand up." Up got two.

"Now," he said, "all the women who have never spoken an unkind word to their husbands may rise." Nearly every woman in the house rose to her feet. "Sit down," he cried. After they were all seated, he said, "I want the audience to pray for these awful liars."

TOO MUCH EXPECTED

Of course, at times, too much is expected of the minister, no matter what his denomination may be.

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One time, an old priest, anxious to raise money to buy coal, announced from the altar of a Sunday, that if the parishioners expected to attend divine service with any degree of comfort, that they must furnish him with the means to buy coal, that his pleas in this behalf had not theretofore been noticed, and that he would take up the collection himself so as to see which ones shirked their duty.

In passing around the plate, he noticed one Irishman who was well able to contribute, put nothing on the plate, and distinctly winked at the priest.

The good father passed along, but the peculiar actions of his parishioner worried him. So that afternoon, he called at the home of this man, and said, "Now, Mr. Maloney, I was quite disturbed at your peculiar actions in church this morning. When I passed the collection basket you gave nothing, and if I am not very much mis-

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taken, you winked at me in the bargain, all of which was a very extraordinary proceeding in church. What have you got to say?"

Mr. Maloney smiled, and with a knowing look at the priest, said: "Well, father, you said you was going to take up a collection to buy coal?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm on to you father, but I'll say nothing, the other people don't know that the church is heated by steam."

When one has to deal with that kind of intelligence it is no wonder that they are frequently misunderstood.

LACK OF SINCERITY.

Another complaint made of the ministers is their lack of sincerity, in their declaration that they love all their brethren alike, and that they are not inclined to practice what they preach.

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Of course, this is a base slander, and we all know that the ordinary minister is just as ready to place his arm around the neck of the seedy and perhaps unclean stranger, as he is to shake the hand of the millionaire, yet they tell this story of a rector of a fashionable Fifth Avenue church.

A darky called upon the rector and said that he wanted to join his church. The rector not wishing to hurt his feeling, said, "You go home and pray to the Lord for guidance, and then, at the end of another week, if you still have the desire to join the church come and talk it over with me again."

After some days, the darky appeared at the rectory. He said, "I have dutifully prayed to the Lord for guidance in this heah matter, and He sez to me, sez He, 'Rastus, I wouldn't try to get into that church if I was you, for I've been trying to get into

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that church myself for the last ten years and I haven't succeeded yet.' "

HIGH AND LOW CHURCH

Considerable criticism has been made from time to time about what the public consider the various distinctions in which some call themselves High Church and others Low Church.

A butler of a certain gentleman noticed a marked distinction between them. On being informed that six clergymen were to dine with his master, he asked. "Are they High Church or Low Church, sir?" "What on earth can that signify to you?" asked the astonished master.

"Everything, sir," was the reply. "If they are High Church they'll drink; if they're low Church they'll eat."

THE CHURCH ATTENDANT

Many of you have perhaps noticed the individual whose religion and in-

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terest in things religious are confined to his own particular church and neighborhood.

A minister making a most effective sermon, moved the congregation to tears. One man alone, sat apparently unmoved. The minister noticing this, singled him out for a personal address, and said: "Are you the only one to remain unshaken?" "Sir," said the man, "I don't belong to this parish."

A Missouri clergyman had in his pastoral flock a member who was reluctant about meeting the contribution basket. The pastor had thrown out many broad hints, but all to no avail.

One day the member fell ill and was taken to the Ensworth Hospital. When the clergyman arrived the man was delirious. While the pastor was sitting beside his bed a wild yell of "Fire! Fire!" came across the street.

The sick man drew himself up on

his elbows. "Where—where am I," he said excitedly.

"Calm yourself, brother," soothed the pastor, with just the faintest twinkle in his eye. "You are still at the Ensworth Hospital."

TALK—TALK

Perhaps the most serious complaint against the ministry is their tendency to talk too much. Even their own members sometimes seem to realize this.

A story is told of the late Bishop Potter, who, on one occasion was addressing a woman's organization, and, with the idea of being facetious, he turned to the lady president, and said: "How many long-winded speakers will there be at this meeting, madam?" "You are the only one," she replied charmingly.

This propensity to make long speeches becomes a sort of chronic disease that breaks out whenever the

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opportunity presents itself, and with many takes the form of an alleged prayer.

Of course, we do not intend to say that there is any justification for this complaint, and it is left entirely to the readers to picture to themselves whether they have ever met a minister who was disposed to do as did those to which reference will be made.

A story is told of a colored minister who broke all his previous records for lengthiness. His subject was the prophets, and he had gone through the whole list, giving the genealogy of each until his audience was weary to the point of disgust or drowsiness.

Then he reached a point where he said: "We have now come brethren and sistern to the second half of my discourse—we will now take up the minor prophets. The first is Malachi Now what place shall we give to

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Malachi?" The answer came in a clear voice from the irreverent worshipper in one of the back seats: "Say, brother Jones, give him my place, I'se dead tired and I'se going home."

THE PRAYER (?)

Mark Twain was to give a lecture in a Western town, and they desiring to make the best possible showing, asked the minister of the town to act as host during his stay.

The minister met Mark Twain at the station and escorted him home, and when they started for the hall, he asked if it would be agreeable to Mark if he opened the lecture with prayer.

The humorist said that he would be delighted, whereupon the minister stepped to the front of the stage, and closing his eyes, gave a long discourse on the current affairs, national, state and local, asking for guidance, help

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and forgiveness for every one from Adam to the present time, naming them separately and seriatim, and concluded by saying:

"Now, O Lord, we have with us to-night, a man who is known throughout all the world as the great American Humorist. Help us, O Lord—help us to understand what he is about to say, and to be amused by it, and grant if that be possible, that we may derive some real benefit from his lecture."

REITERATION

Who cannot appreciate the feelings of the Irishman in this story which so excellently illustrates another alleged failing of some ministers.

The priest had delivered what seemed to him a fervent and striking sermon, and was anxious to ascertain what effect it had on his flock. Meeting Pat, he asked: "Was the sermon to your liking, Pat?"

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"Troth, y'r riverence, it was a grand sermon entirely," said Pat with such genuine admiration that his reverence felt moved to investigate further.

"Was there any one part of it more than another that seemed to take hold of ye?" he inquired.

"Well, now, as y'r riverence be axin' me, I'll tell you. What tuk houl't av me was y'r riverence's perseverance—the way you wint over the same thing agin, and agin, and agin."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Many, have questioned whether the Sunday Schools, which are so intimately connected with the minister's work, have been so prolific of good as they might be if carried on under different conditions.

The charge has been made, with some degree of warrant in many cases, that things sacred and holy are handled in such a matter of fact way,

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in order to familiarize the child with the subjects, that they lose that reverence and profound respect that is most desirable in making a lasting religious impression upon the mind of the child, and so it would be impossible to refer to the minister and his work without referring to the Sunday School which is such a factor in his work.

The peculiar ideas that the children of the Sunday Schools acquire from their teaching would fill a book.

CREATION

We remember visiting a little girls' class in Sunday School where the previous Sunday's lesson had been upon "Creation and the Garden of Eden," and on this particular day the work was being reviewed. The teacher, endeavoring to show the brightness of her charges, said:

"Now, children, after God made

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this beautiful garden, and all of these wonderful animals, what did he do then?"

One little girl promptly answered: "He made Adam." The teacher showed her approval of the prompt answer, and then proceeded.

"Now, after Adam walked about the Garden and got very, very lonesome, and had nobody to talk to, what did God do then?"

There was a dead silence, and a number of little brows were knitted, while they seriously thought. Finally, one little girl, fearful lest some one else would answer before she, waved her hand vigorously, and said: "Teacher, I know."

"Well, what did God do then?"

She promptly answered: "He made a lady."

SOLOMON

The Archbishop of Canterbury, one Sunday, was catechising a class in

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Sunday School, and said to the children "Tell me boys, what was the difference between Solomon and other men?"

There was no answer. The archbishop, a little impatient, said:

"What is the difference between Solomon and myself?" A hand went up, and a tiny boy replied: "Pleath thir, Solom was wise." This indicated perhaps thought, if not politeness.

TRUTH FROM THE LIPS OF INFANTS (?)

A priest one Sunday was showing off his class to Archbishop Ryan, and proceeded to ask one little boy in the presence of the archbishop: "What is matrimony?"

The little boy's eyes bulged out at the suddenness with which the question was put, and then said mechanically: "Matrimony is a state of punishment to which some souls are condemned to suffer for a while before

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they are considered good enough to go to heaven."

"Tut, tut," said the priest, "that is the definition of purgatory."

"Let him alone," said Archbishop Ryan. "He may be right—what do you and I know about it, anyway."

ADAM'S PUNISHMENT

On one occasion, in review of a class of little girls, the teacher asked one: "What sin did Adam commit?"

"He ate forbidden fruit."

"Right; now who tempted Adam—Eve?"

"Not really Eve, but the serpent."

"And how was Adam punished?"

A little eight-year-old raised her hand, and said, "Please, teacher, I know."

"Well, how was Adam punished?"

"He had to marry Eve."

The self-confidence of the child is staggering to the mature mind—was the child so much in error?

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THE TEXT

One Sunday, a little girl returning from Sunday School was asked by her mother what the text was, to which she answered "Blessed is the Dressmaker."

The queer conception the children get of the texts and sermons is most extraordinary.

One Sunday a little boy had been listening to a sermon upon Adam and the Creation, and how Eve was formed from a rib taken from Adam's side. The whole proceeding was marvelous to him and impressed him very much.

At dinner that day they had company, and the little boy was permitted to indulge himself, and not being watched, he ate unusually large portions of plum pudding and other filling food.

Some time after dinner, being missed, his mother sought him out, and

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found him in a corner on the floor holding his side in great distress.

"Here, what on earth is the matter with you Robert?" asked his mother. Robert, between his groans, replied, "O mother, I think I am going to have a wife."

The honesty of the child mind is refreshing even if at times surprising.

The child had been taught to say grace at the table. Occasionally he varied it.

"O Lord, please forgive us for this breakfast they've put on the table," he said one morning.

MINISTERS DIFFER

Of course, ministers differ, the same as other men, and this is one of the facts that people are apt to forget in passing judgment upon a minister.

Lincoln was criticised by a committee of ministers because of the

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character of some of the chaplains connected with the regiments. He said that he did not appoint them but that the regiments elected them. This did not satisfy the committee, and they persisted. Finally he said :

"Without any disrespect to you, I will tell you a story. Once, in Springfield, I was going off on a short journey. Leaning against the fence, just outside the depot, was a little darky boy—Dick by name, busily engaged with toe in a mud-puddle. As I came up, I said "Dick, what are you doing?"

"Making a church," he said.

"A church," said I, "What do you mean?"

"Why, yes," said Dick pointing with his toe: "Don't you see there's the steps and front door, and here are the pews where the folks set and there's the pulpit."

"Yes, I see," said I, "but why don't you make a minister?"

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"Laws," answered Dick, with a grin, "I hai'nt got mud enough."

It may be that some of the failures in the ministry are those for whose makeup material was afterwards found.

CONCLUSION

There is another side to all this.

Let us not forget the lawyer who is the soul of honor, to whom you go in trouble and worry, who, by his kindly interest and advice, his devotion and unselfish zeal and varied talents, his experience and determination brings your affairs out of chaos and saves you from loss—and who, no matter how heavy his own burden, carries it, patiently and uncomplainingly, and who can always find time to help and comfort others.

And the doctor who answers your call day or night—whose entrance into the sick room brings sunshine, confidence, relief and comfort—who is tireless in his devotion, who never is in doubt what to do, and to whom

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his patients are all members of his big family, calling forth his best thoughts, his most profound talent and deepest love.

And the minister, that comforter of the family in sickness and health, always devoted, he, to whom you go with aching heart, who, with his arm about your neck and a whispered word of advice or encouragement, brings the smile once more to your lips—he, to whom you point as an ideal man and God's true messenger—he, who in the last hours, as he presses your hand and shows the way home, pleads for you to the Great Minister and asks forgiveness for your errors—the comfort, the relief, the happiness and love he brings into the home, blot out the errors of the whole profession.

Thank God, there are thousands, yes, tens of thousands of such lawyers, doctors, and preachers, and we say fervently, God Bless Them!

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